



# Confessions of Death

[death](#)

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## Chapter 1 by Kat Hy

It was a quiet night when I took the life of a child. I didn't even try to glance at the poor boy's face, he slept peacefully, with his doting mother beside him. His mother knew, his mother knew I was there.

People think I'm hardcore and insensitive, mean, uncaring, unfeeling, merciless, unsympathetic. They are wrong. Tears ran uncontrollably down my face as I touched the boy's forehead, his face turned pale, his body was limp, his hands were cold and his eyes were lifeless. His mother lay him down with out a word. She knew it would come down to this, she thought she was prepared but a single tear traveled down her careworn face. I wailed. Am I doomed to bring death upon poor souls for the rest of my life?

'Death...' The mother was at the door, 'I know you are there, I despise you Death, I truly despise you, but I ask you for a favour.'

I was eager to hear more.

'Kill me too'

## Chapter 2 by Magnolia



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that you will climb back up onto the same path, but still possible. However, you may find another path to travel. And, yes, it may be lower than the previous one, but it still leads to the same place: happiness. As long as you get back on a path -any path you find- it will all work out. You may even have to borrow someone else's path for a little bit. You may need someone to carry you for a little bit, but that's why you surround yourself with friends. Because they will do that, they want to do that. It doesn't matter how, but you need to get back on the path. When you're off the path and in the wood, it's dark. It's dark and lonely. And loneliness, is very sad. So please, because you are still here, you still have a reason to find. A reason to live, to carry on. Everyone has one. They may find their reason in an action, a place, or a person, but it is a reason nonetheless." My voice was hollow, but I hoped that my words reached her.

"How can you be so sure? This is hardly convincing coming from you. A being with no spouse, no love, no family and no job." The woman's voice was hoarse and laden with grief.

"You're right. The world is a terribly scary place. When there are no promises, it is truly terrifying. I'm not asking you to ignore the sadness, loneliness, and evil of this world. You will come in contact with it in your life many a time. That is an undisputed truth. However, if you only focus on that, you will blind yourself of the smiling faces right next to you. Of the warm touch of a friend. Of a cheerful wave of a neighbor. Of the words that I'm telling you now. Since you are still living, then there is still a reason for you to be here. You would not be here if you had no reason to be so. As long as you draw breath, there is something that means you to do so. Even if you don't know what that is, if you don't know where to start; just start." I realize the irony in my words: death, talking about how to live. But life is too precious for me to take away needlessly. I've seen too much sadness in the eyes of the living and hopeful to do that.

"What are you to talk of such things? You contradict yourself in every action." The woman kissed her child's head and faced me, "What are you really?"

### Chapter 3 by Sage Barnes



That was almost a century ago, but I cannot get that question out of my mind. What am I, really?

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is on All Hallows Eve. You'd think I'm sad to be forgotten, but now whenever I collect a soul, I don't feel the hatred as I pass. It used to be that I was blamed. That was never true to begin with. I don't cause deaths, I'm just the effect. That doesn't mean my heart doesn't break every time I go to collect. I feel a portion of the pain that every lover, every family member, every friend goes through. I blame myself partially. Oh, how people would laugh if they knew Death had a heart!

#### Chapter 4 by Charles RadWhale



Though for that I guess they'd have to believe in me. And few do.

So very few.

Still I meet them every few hundred souls, ones who know my name. Ones who curse it or bless it all the same. These survivors and victims of life.

Life.

I despise Life. She makes such cruel promises, and then leaves me to clean up their messes. She gives hope where none should ever be. And the few I meet who wish for me...well I must continue the lie.

I am Death. The ultimate truth, the foe of all mankind. Yet I pity them so. I have no illusions of my future. I will reap till there are none left.

And then finally Life will meet me again.

Some say she creates these creatures as gifts to me. A romance of sorts even. A lovely, if depressing idea.

#### Chapter 5 by Tayden Overton



These gifts she sends, fear me, despise me, do everything within their power to hide from me,

but all attempts fail. They deny that it's their time.

Some of them get angry at me, and I understand that I'm only there to ease them, give them a nice, gentle transition to what's over, but souls go,

It's not me who decides, y

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Most of these gifts bargain with me, ask for a little more time to do one more thing, fix one more mistake, say goodbye to one more person.

When the bargaining doesn't work, they go into endless depression, that will sometimes last for an eternity, I pity those poor souls.

Then there are the few gifts, who are ready for me, sometimes they are expecting me, sometimes they call out to me before I'm supposed to come collect them.

I love all the gifts she sends, as much as I despise her, I keep the gifts forever.

## Chapter 6 by Randompeepur



I've seen her before; I've seen her wispy body floating around different rooms - starting from the brightest chambers to the darkest alleys. Her face is always smiling, she is always flying; she is free. Her laughter would ring and echo in places she visited, her scent would bring smiles and relief on humans, but her presence would bring me more burden to carry on my shoulders.

I never talk to her for she floats away easily. She never stays in one place for a long time, she merely dances around the room with her silvery wisps as she grants everyone the "greatest" gift of all: breaths. For the sick, for the troubled ones, and for the babies. Oh, the babies.

As she roams around the hospital room blowing on every corner of the room, as she gives out her breaths for the baby, I stand in the corner morosely as I wait for the cries of the newborn. The smiles would appear, and my poor heart would get heavier.

Because after everything was done, life would walk away from the brightly-lit room. Life would not turn her head back and flash me another smile, it would simply walk and never turn back.

Because right after the little sun was born, I had to take the life of the bearer; its mother.

## Chapter 7 by -



Oh... Must I keep on confessing? Has not Death ruined enough lives, must I relive the pain?! Ha ha! An oxymoron... Death can not re-live anything! Well here is another thing I have never

confessed, I find it humiliating

I wish that just once in my time I

Chapter 8 by Secrets

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Oftentimes I find myself wishing for the ability to experience such a thing as life. To find myself wishing to feel something so volatile, something that glowed with pure happiness and howled with utter despair in equal measure, was directly against my nature. Because once Death begins to live, the world will become dangerously unstable and teeter on the edge of destruction.

In times like these I remind myself of one simple thing; I am Death, and I know all too well what follows after Life is done with her cruel charade. I know what Life's gifts would do if they knew I was walking among them. They would fear, despise, shun, curse, bless, hate, and condemn my very existence all the same. Even if I tried to hide that fact, Life's gifts would eventually find out. Humans especially have a knack for discovering things they that should never find. The atom bomb, is an example. I was kept busy for months on end, constantly being reminded of what happens when one of Life's gifts runs out of time.

Even so I always wind up back where I started, no matter what measures I go through to prevent it. I always find myself wishing for the one thing I will never attain. Deep down I know that I will never be able to truly 'live'; but in a horrid twist of Fate I always long for the chance to try.

There is something more I have to confess. I once decided to try and ask Life if she has ever wanted to die as much as I have wanted to live.

the end

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